A Etherick

BETHEL DIRECTORY.

ARRANGEMENT OF MAILS.

Mails Close.

GOING EAST, 8.30 a. m. 8. p. m. Closed mail for Portland and all points beyond 3.15 p. m.
GOING WEST, 10.10 a. m. 4.15 p. m. For Albany 4.30 p. m. For Lakeside and intermediate offices, 11.45 a. m.

Mails Arrive.

FROM EAST 11.00 a. m, 4.45 p. m. From Portland and points beyond 7. a. m.
FROM WEST 7. a. m. 10. a. m, From Albany 3.15 p. m. From Lakeside and Intermediate offices 2.30 p. m.
OFFICE HOURS; 7 a.m., to 8.30 p. m., Sundays 12 M to 12.30 p. m., 6 to 6.30 p. m.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

Main Street.

Pastor, Rev. A. Hamilton, Residence, Main Street.

SABBATH SERVICE, Preaching 10.45 a. m., Sunday School 12 m., Epworth League Devotional Service, 6.15 p m., Gospel Meeting, 7.00 P. M.

MONDAY, Epworth League business and literary Meeting first Monday in each Month.

TUESDAY Class Meeting at 7.30.

WEDNESDAY, Ladies' Circle first and third Wednesday evening of each month.

FRIDAY, Prayer meeting 7.30.

SATURDAY, Junior League 2.30 p. m.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH,

Rev. F. E. Barton. Pastor. Residence next door to church.

SABBATH SERVICES; Preaching 10.45 a. m.; Sunday School 12 M.; Y. P. C. U. 7.00 p. m

CONGREGATIONALIST CHURCH,

Rev. Israel Jordan Pastor.

SUNDAY SERVICES; Preaching 10.45 a. m.; Sunday School 12 m.; Y. P. S. C. E. 6.00 p. m.; Prayer Meeting 7.00 p. m.; Wednesday Eve'g Prayer Meeting 7.30 p. m.

MIDDLE INTERVALE BAPTIST CHURCH.

SABBATH SERVICE, Preaching at 10 30 by Mr. Geo. F. Green; Sunday School 12 m. C. E. S. at 4. p. m. Wednesday. Social service 4 p. m.

SOCIETIES.

ODD FELLOWS.

MOUNT ABRAM LODGE No. 81, Meetings: Saturday evening each week. Officers:—N. G., Wallace Farwell V. G., W. T. Gunther Per. Sec'y, Henry Farwell. Rec. Sec'y. C. C. Bryant, Treas. S. I. French.
Trustees. { C. Bisbee, G. A. Burbank, E. S. Kilborne.

SUNSET REBEKAH LODGE, No. 64, meet 1st and 3rd Monday at I.O. O. F. Hall. —Officers; N. G., Anna French; V. G., Minnie Frost; F. Sec., Marcia Hastings; R. Sec., Jennie Gibson Treas. Ellen Burbank; War., Marcia York; R. S. N. G., Susie Frost; L. S. N. G., Ava Finney; R. S. V. G., Eva Barker; L. S. V. G., Ella Bryant; Chap., Jennie Philbrook; I. G., Lydia Parker; O. G., T B Kendall. Con. M. Gibson.

MASONIC.

BETHEL LODGE, No. 97., Reg. Com., 2d Thursday every month., E. S. Kilborn, Master, J. H Barrows, S. W., C. E. Abbott, Jr, J. W. M. W. Chandler, Treas., J. G. Billings, Sec.

OXFORD R. A. C. No. 29., Stated Convocation 3d Thursday, every month, D. G. Lovejoy, Z. P., L. T. Barker, K., Chas Mason, S., J. C. Billings O. H., J. A. Morton, P. S., N. E. Richardson, R. A. C., M. W. Chandler, Sec., E. S. Kilborn, Treas.

GRAND ARMY.

BROWN POST, No 84, A. H. Hutchinson P. C., A. M. True Adj't. Stated meetings first and third Tuesday evening each month.

THE W R. C. Meet first and third Tuesday evening, of each month, Mrs. Mary Bean, President, Mrs. Cyrene Littlehale, Sec

UNITED ORDER OF THE GOLDEN CROSS.

GRAND VIEW COMMANDERY, No. 484. meets 2nd and 4th Monday evenings at 730. J. H. Barrows, Noble Commander., Mrs. Carrie Arno, Vice., Fannie Bisbee, Nob. Keeper of Records., Mrs. Sophronia W. Grover, Financial Keeper of Rec. Galvin Bisbee Worthy Treas. Dr. J. A. Morton, Worthy Pastor, T. H. Durell, Worthy Herald.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS.

HELPING HAND LODGE No. 227, meet every Tuesday evening at Ladies Relief Corps Hall.— Officers; Chief Templar, E. A. Barker, Vice Templar, Vira Parker. Secretary, Fred Farwell. Financial secretary Jennie Merrill. Treasurer, C H. Davis Chaplain, Mrs. C. O. Foster. Marshal, F. Eastman. D. M. Frank Leach. Guard, E. Hutchinson, Sent. Chas. King. L. D., C. O. Foster.

UNITED ORDER OF PILGRIM FATHERS.

SUDBURY COL., No. 50; J. C. Billings Gov; E. C. Park. Secr; E. S. Kilborn, Treas. M. W. Chandler, collector.

Visiting Cards

50 nice Visiting cards sent by mail post-paid for 30c. 100 for 50c. Steel Plate Script type used on these cards.

The Bethel News.

Rubber Stamps

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Every Business. Catalogue Free.

Send in an Order.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BETHEL AND SURROUNDING TOWNS.

$1.25 Per Year, in advance. BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 3, 1897. Vol. II. No. 36

NEWS ABOUT HOME.

WHAT OUR PEOPLE ARE DOING. ITEMS OF INTEREST, ETC., ETC.

"A CITY THAT IS SET ON A HILL CANNOT BE HID."

Mrs. C. R. Locke is very ill.

Howard Wiley has returned to Orono.

Mr. George Bryant is canvassing for silverware.

D. Matheson is working at West Bethel.

Mr. Archer Grover returned to Orono Monday.

Miss Sadie Abbott has been visiting in Norway.

The Praying Band goes to Newry Corner next Sunday.

Mrs. Carrie Brown, from Boston, has been visiting friends in our village.

Mr. Martin Whitney returned to his home in Lancaster, N. H., Monday.

Mrs. Scott Wight has gone to Presque Isle, where Mr. Wight is stopping.

A twelve pound daughter arrived at the home of Eugene Heath, last Friday.

Mrs J. S. Phipps, of Milan, N. H., has been spending a week in town, visiting relatives.

Mr. C. E. Wheeler has moved back from Norway, and is working at the chair factory.

S. R. Hutchins, of Rumford, was in Bethel yesterday, and made the NEWS a pleasant call.

The evening services were resumed at the Congregational church Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Robinson are to be congratulated on the birth of a son, born last Sunday.

Mr. Geo. Locke, wife and child from Norway came to visit Mrs. Newton Richardson, Saturday.

Communion at the M. E. church next Sunday, and the pastor's remarks will be on that subject.

Mrs. D. E. Edwards and little daughter have returned to their home in Fort Fairfield, after a long visit in Bethel.

All bills for wood, repairs or transportation should be presented this week, as the town officers wish to close the report.

Neuralgia is the prayer of the nerves for pure blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier and nerve builder.

Roy Grover finished work as baggage master, Saturday. A general reduction in the number of men employed, seems to be the word all along the line.

The Ladies' Auxiliary to the Women's Board of Foreign Missions will meet with Mrs. F. S. Chandler Friday P. M. at 3 o'clock. All interested are invited.

Mr. Will Chapman, of Portland, has moved into the "Garland House" on Main St. Mr. Chapman is to help in finishing the wood work of Dr. Gehring's residence.

The body of Mrs. George Crooker, formerly of Albany, arrived in Bethel Monday P. M., and was taken charge of by Mr. L. T. Barker. Mrs. Crooker died in Buxton.

Miss Ellen Douglass went to South Paris Monday, to visit relatives and to attend the annual session of Oxford County District Lodge, I. O. G. T., which meets there today.

An unusual number of Epworth Leaguers were present at their monthly sociable, held last Wednesday evening at the home of Miss Lutie Fox, and all enjoyed a very pleasant occasion.

The Mercantile Club of Island Pond, Vt., has engaged Burnham & Barney's orchestra of Berlin, 12 pieces, to furnish music for a grand Easter Monday ball. Reduced rates on G. T. R.; a good time to visit Island Pond.

Legislative Notice.

The committee on Banks and Banking will give a Public Hearing in its room at the State House in Augusta, on Wednesday, Feb. 10, 1897, at two o'clock in the afternoon, upon petition asking for a reduction of tax on Savings Banks.

Geo. M. Currier, Sec'y.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props. Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Address. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

WANTS, LOST, ETC.

Notices under this head inserted one week for 25 cents. Three weeks for 50 cents.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

A House on High street. 7 rooms. City Water. Rent only $6. a month. Inquire of

J. B. Chapman.

FOR RENT.

The house just vacated by Miss E. E. Burnham, No. 2 Park St. This is one of the most desirable rents in this village. The house has 7 rooms, and is in first class repair.

Ceylon Rowe.

For Sale.

An elegant new White Sewing Machine. Has drop head and all the latest improvements. Will be sold very cheap for cash or will be sold on installment plan.

NEWS Publishing Company,
Bethel, Me.

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A **Want Ad.** in these Columns costs but little—50c. three weeks—Try it. 1w23

For Sale!

{ We have For Sale a Quantity of... }

DRY AND GREEN

Cord Wood

ALSO a lot of nice SHOATS that weigh from 50 to 100 lbs.

—Inquire of—

Henry and Wallace Farwell.

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Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

JOB PRINTING at News Office.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

WAR REMINISCENCES

OF THE BETHEL COMPANY,

Company I, Fifth Maine Regiment.

BY COL. CLARK S. EDWARDS.

NUMBER V.

Bethel also lost at Salem Church one of her noblest sons and finest soldiers, so far as my knowledge enables me to speak, Washington Frye Brown, who was born in Bethel, Nov. 11th, 1829, son of the late Simeon and Sophia Holt Brown, who at one time lived in the house now owned by Seth Walker, known as the John Garland house, and later lived for twelve years or more at Middle Intervale, in the house below the Carter brick house, then known as the Carter Mansion. Here Brown was living when he enlisted in the Bethel Company. I do not feel competent to do him justice in these brief sketches. We were the best of friends before the war. We had worked together, camped in the same tent, eaten at the same table, drank from the same canteen, in fact, we had enjoyed each others' confidence and esteem for years. He was appointed Orderly Sergeant of the Bethel Company before I turned the command over to Capt. J. B. Walker. Later we recommended him for 2nd Lieut. in the Company, but for some reason unknown to me, even to this day, his commission never reached the regiment.

Whether or not the fact that he was an admirer of "Little Mac" had anything to do with the withholding of the commission, I cannot say, though I know that no man of the Fifth Maine deserved promotion more than he did. He died a plain Sergeant, falling fatally wounded in the abdomen on that last line of battle near Salem Church, May 3, 1863. I requested his brother, Orrin, to look after his remains, as I supposed he was dying at the time.

As we lay there in camp, everything being quiet after the terrible day through which we had passed, I could hear the moaning and the sighing of the wounded. A sad night for us all. A third of our number gone. Just as I had fallen asleep, I was aroused by a touch on my shoulder. Awakening, I found O. S. Brown at my side, who had come at the request of his brother, Washington, for myself and Chaplain Adams, whom he wished to see, knowing that he could not long survive. I quietly moved among the boys till I found the chaplain; informing him of Brown's request, we at once started in search of the dying comrade, whom we found in an old dilapidated house on our picket line.

The night was hot and the air was sulphurous, the smoke of battle having settled down upon the field. We quietly entered the house, the rebel picket being near. Total darkness prevailed, for it would not do to have a light when the enemy was only a few rods distant. The groans of the suffering and dying man made known his whereabouts. He lay upon the floor upon his blanket. I gave him some water, and he rallied a little, when he asked the good old chaplain to pray. There in the still hours of the night at the side of our dear friend and noble soldier, whose life was fast ebbing away, the chaplain offered prayer in a low tone of voice, asking the God of battles to soothe the pain and suffering and to give him strength that would enable him to be moved.

After words of consolation and cheer by the chaplain, Brown asked me to take him to the hospital tent. We at once undertook to carry out his wishes, the chaplain, Orrin Brown, a picket guard and myself taking hold of the blanket by its four corners, put poor Brown could not endure the pain caused by this manner of removal. We then tore a door from its hinges and placed him upon this. Some noise was necessarily made when the door was taken down. The rebel picket, undoubtedly hearing this, fired at the old building, for shot came crashing through the house. We carried Brown on the door from the place where we found him, back into our lines, near the hospital tent, where we met some stretcher-bearers who were coming for him, when we gave him into their care.

It was then that I clasped his hand for the last time, bidding him good bye till we meet again where wars will not be known. Orrin remained with his brother till morning, when he was taken to Washington with the rest of the wounded of the 6th Corps, where he died the following day. The chaplain and myself wended our way back to what was left of the regiment. Not a word was spoken by either of us; our hearts were too full for utterance.

If ever Bethel's history in the war should be again written, Washington F. Brown's record should have a prominent place, for no braver man or better soldier ever left the town we love so well. His life and character should be sacredly cherished, for his friends, comrades, and townsmen can point with pride and admiration to his record as a soldiers, who gave his life for the Union.

You all remember Salem Heights, that dreadful Sunday night
When we charged into the jaws of death with the Fifth Maine on the right,
Where hundreds of our boys went down before the leaden rain,—
And side by side in heaps they lay, the "Onesters" and Fifth Maine.

How we grieved and wept that night, as we lay on that field so red,
Thinking of the dreadful carnage and our many comrades dead!
They were our best and bravest—in the front we see them yet!
We will all their names remember and their deeds will ne'er forget.

Stephen Estes, Jr., was born in East Bethel, June 23, 1821, was mustered into the Bethel Company Aug. 30, 1862, and was discharged for disability, Oct. 23 following. He was in the charge at Crampton Pass, but was not in the Antietam fight. I think that he died some years ago in one of the new western states.

Washington B. Robertson, private in Company I, was born in Bethel, Sept. 20, 1826. He was a son of Samuel Robertson and lived on what is now called Robertson Hill. He was taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861, and sent to Libby Prison, Richmond, Va., where he remained till the following December, when he returned to the company, remaining with us a short time, but poor health, occasioned by five months of prison life, compelled him to take a leave of absence.

He returned to his old home on the Hill, where under his mother's care he partly regained his strength, though never became the strong and rugged man that he was before enlistment.

In June, 1862, he again joined the company and participated in the Peninsular Campaign, which included Gaines Hill, Charles City, Cross Roads and Malvern Hill. Robertson did his last work on the field during the Maryland Campaign, which was conducted by that noble leader, McLellan.

On account of failing health, he was discharged from the service and returned to his boyhood home, where he remained a year or two. I next heard of him at Manchester, N. H., where he was at work whenever his strength would allow. Meeting him one day on the street, I asked him why he did not apply for a pension, saying that if any man deserved assistance from the government, he was the man. I volunteered to do what I could for him, but he replied that he would never ask the government for a cent, so long as he could earn it.

A few years later, completely broken down in health, he made application for a pension. I made as strong affidavit in his behalf as was possible, also secured the best of evidence from his comrades and townsmen, but the *red tape* of the pension department at Washington delayed action on his papers, when no clearer case, in my belief, was ever presented.

Poor Robertson died without ever receiving a pension. In his last sickness, he was kindly cared for by the Grand Army in Portland. Everything was done by his comrades to administer relief, but death soon followed. He was buried on the hillside near his old home. No stone or slab marks his resting place, though his old comrades remember him with flowers and flags as regularly as Memorial Day comes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

*"Onesters" was a nickname given to the 121st New York by Capt. George E. Brown, of Portland, a member of the 5th Maine, when they first joined the Brigade near Antietam. The regiment was largely raised in Herkimer Co., Mohawk Valley, northern New York. Col. Edwards will probably refer to this regiment again in a later chapter. He will also have Sergeant Brown's picture in a later number if he can secure a photograph. Any one having a photograph of Mr. Brown taken in 1862 or 1863 will confer a favor by sending same to Col. Edwards. [Ed.

A Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our thanks to the friends who have so kindly remembered us in our days of trial. We are grateful for words and letters of sympathy and for aid so generously offered. With a deepened sense of the Heavenly Father's love in still entrusting to us the nurture and guidance of one of His little ones, we are

Most gratefully yours,
Mr. and Mrs. Israel Jordan.

Installation.

The installation of officers in the Sunset Rebekah Lodge, of Bethel, occurred last Monday evening, the installing officers being Mrs. Simmons and Mrs. Young of West Paris. Following are the officers for the ensuing year: N. G., Minnie F. Frost; V. G., Ella A. Bryant; Rec. Sec., Jane H. Gibson; F. Sec., Marcia A. Hastings; Treas., Ellen Burbank; Warden, Vira Parker; Con., Abbie Farwell; Chap., Marion Dudley; I. G., Lydia Parker; O. G., T. Kendall; R. S. N. G., Eliza Sanborn; R. S. V. G., Martha Gibson; L. S. V. G., Mrs. Lawrence.

There was a large attendance of members, and several visitors. The work of installing the new officers was impressively done. Mrs. Simmons of West Paris gave some excellent advice on lodge work, and interesting remarks were made by Mrs. J. S. Phipps, from Emily Flint Lodge, of Milan, N. H. The degree work was nicely done, not the least interesting part being the music, violin with organ accompaniment, by Mr. Lawrence and Mrs. Edwards, after which refreshments were served, consisting of cake, lemonade, oranges and bananas.

The Lodge, though but recently instituted, has a membership of nearly seventy, and under the management of the new officers installed, it is confidently expected that the same degree of prosperity will be enjoyed as has been in the past.

WOMEN'S CHIT-CHAT.

"From Grave to Gay, From Lively to Severe."

SUNDAY:

"The very child of too transient stay, may paint on the darkness of our sorrow so fair a vision of loving wonder, of reverent trust, of deep and thoughtful patience, that a Divine presence abides with us forever as the mild and constant light of hope and faith. Martineau.

MONDAY:

"Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every day is the world made new,
Ye who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you;
A hope for me, and a hope for you."

TUESDAY:

"As she trod her path aright.
Power from her very garments stole,
For such is the mysterious might
God grants the upright soul."

WEDNESDAY:

"The highest culture is to speak no ill."

THURSDAY:

"Strengthen me by sympathizing with my strength, not my weakness." Louisa Alcott.

FRIDAY:

"The blessedness of life depends far more upon its interests than upon its comforts."

SATURDAY:

"If you would not cease to love mankind, you must not cease to do them good." Marie Eschenbach.

Our Blunders.

"If I could feel sure that my sufferings arose wholly from wounded self-respect, and not from ignoble vanity," said the witty little hostess, following the Observer to the door, and continuing a conversation that had held them absorbed for half an hour.

"I understand," replied the Observer, standing with one foot upon the lowest piazza-step, reluctant to leave the interesting theme. "I have often brought myself to task before the question, why my sins had never made a deep enough impression to waken me from a sound sleep at night, while my *blunders* have actually made my crimps rise in horror at midnight's witching hour."

"Perhaps," suggested the hostess thoughtfully, still standing prettily framed in the doorway, "it's because, with happy, sheltered women, like ourselves, our sins are more of omission than commission. I've often wondered how we are to account for our negations; how we can expect pardon for what we haven't done, but our blunders' trumpets 'give no uncertain sound;' they are positive enough to stand free from all abstractions, and present themselves in fearfully clear outlines."

"What is the worst one you ever made?" abruptly demanded the Observer.

"Don't ask me," was the breathless reply, "I crave your respect, not to say affection. I should imperil both if I betrayed their quality, and as for their quantity, their name is 'Legion.'"

"Nonsense!" was the indignant rejoinder, "no such self-possessed woman as you are ever hurls herself into a position from which there is no retreat. It's only the deadly impulsive who finds herself in a nightmare of intricacies. There are various kinds of blunders, you very well know. I wish you would classify them; perhaps they would seem less formidable with a pin through them and a label."

"Well, there's the social blunder—either through the ignorance of conventionalities, lack of opportunities of practicing what one does know, absent-mindedness or nervous embarrassment. There's a choice collection of possibilities for suffering."

"Yes, but these are hopeful blunders," eagerly interposed the Observer. "One can learn the customs of society, and can patiently accustom himself to gentle usages, and can train one's wits to refrain from wool-gathering in the presence of others, and learn to control nervous excesses of speech and hearing. There's nothing permanently over-whelming about such blunders."

"What do you call hopeless blunders in distinction from those in my category?" laughed the blonde neighbor, throwing a corner of her white shawl over her head, and preparing to have the talk out.

"Oh," gloomily replied the Observer, "those terrible ones whose germs of intention seem to reside in what scientific men call our sub-consciousness, and without rhyme or reason take possession of people, of circumstances, and involve us in unsought situations, plunging us finally into a valley of humiliation and despair."

"Mercy on us! How gruesome you sound," exclaimed the hostess, "do illustrate."

"You surely won't ask more than one personal illustration. I would rather tell about other people's. Well," with a long breath, "I'll tell you of one that, even at this late day, makes me turn hot and cold, as I recall the anguish of the hour. Once upon a time, before these days when our enlightened eyes have grown to see the superb beauty of red hair, and when our inartistic souls delighted not in its magnificence, I was making a congratulatory call upon a happy *fiancee*, when the conversation turned upon *malapropos* speeches, and the gay young thing turned to me with a laughing confession of some awkward social experiences, when with a generous air of reassurance, I said, "never mind, dear, you cannot possibly equal my capacity for saying unfortunate things. Why, I'm never within a mile of any one with red hair, but,—" my sentence was never finished, for with a look of transfixed horror, she sprang to my side, grasped my arm and hissed, "S-s-s-s-s-h! My *fiance* is just behind that portiere, and *he* has—" The curtain was swept aside, and with fire in his eye, and a head like the rays of the morning sun the Avenger stood before me with a deep and ironical bow;—"

"O-o-o-o-h!" laughed the hostess, holding fast to the door-frame to steady her shaking form, "What did happen then?"

"There was a tableau *vivant* for an instant, and then the genuine admiration my face must have shown, for he was as handsome as a young Greek, struck home I saw I was forgiven, and though a friendship of years received a fearful blow, it stood the test. But can you wonder that even in these days of acknowledged "golden glory" and "Titian's hues," that my spine turns "creepy" whenever red hair is carelessly mentioned in general society, and that I give a furtive glance at portieres?"

"Tell some more," enthusiastically demanded the absorbed shiverer in the doorway.

"No, madame, it's your turn."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CALIFORNIA LETTER.

January 10, 1897.

Dear BETHEL NEWS:

The new year is now well started on its cycle of months and seasons, according to the divisions and measurements of time in use for reckoning our whereabouts in life on this planet, Earth. As the midwinter mark is nearly reached I will once more report to the readers of the NEWS the kind of season the winter has thus far been in semi-tropic Southern California.

A glance backward shows November to have been a most favorable month, in all respects, to the interests of the farmers and orchardists in this section of the state. The year of 1896 was what is called a dry year, as there was less than one half the usual amount of rainfall. The rains coming as they did so early in the month and three of them plentiful, which came in the right time and the right way to do the greatest amount of good, was a benefit that was much appreciated by all.

The ranchers were relieved from further need of irrigation; and the grain fields were prepared for the early sowing of the grain.

The last three mornings of November were cold enough to bring the mercury down to 35 degrees at seven in the morning, when a little frost was seen, and ice as thick as window glass formed on water standing in troughs and pails outside. As these slight frosts are said to be needed for the early sweetening of the oranges, the frosts, as well as the rains, were considered timely. The days of this month, which in other parts of the world are often bleak and dreary, were here of the pleasantest and most charming sort; days that tempted one to pass the time, as much as possible, in the open air. Very comfortable it was to have open windows and doors, or sit out upon the porches, in the shade of vines, to screen one from the rays of the over-warm sun as it shone down full in open places. A month for Thanksgiving for needs supplied, and for its beautiful weather. December, which is called the danger month to orange raising, has been an entire exception to the general rule, as throughout the month there was neither wind or frost. From the first day to the fifteenth, was a succession of bright, clear days that no adjective is too glowing to use in describing. A rain of a day and a night in duration again wet up the earth, followed by the same kind of lovely weather, when on the 28th came a smart rain of a few hours' time. Christmas day was somewhat cloudy, but a nice day withal. New Year's Day dawned clear, with a gloriously painted, sunrise sky, setting an example for the days that immediately followed, which were closely imitated for one third of this January. And now we are again in the midst of another welcome rain which is fast relieving the anxiety that was beginning to be felt by tillers of the soil in these parts, who were fearing another lack of rainfall sufficient for the water supply through the long dry season when irrigation has to be depended upon to keep all that grows from suffering.

After each rain the mountains are garmented in snow and at these times show up grandly white and glittering in the sunshine, above the green of the valley below. The rays of the sun soon melt away all but the snow hood; and this the mountains never put off from the time the rains begin until into summer. The rains usually come in showers, so that during a two or three days' rain—I will not say storm, as it is seldom it could be called that—one is often deceived into believing it has cleared and is over. One can then take a drive somewhere or go about on any errands, as there is very little mud to hinder one's movements, and will afterward be surprised to see the rains again falling in a lively manner. Such is the rainy season; mostly fair and lovely weather.

If one feels, ever, they would like a whiff of real winter as they know it in the north country, they can have it by climbing, as in ascending the mountain heights, any degree of temperature from mild to arctic winter can be found.

There is always, during the months of rain, a winter scene in view by lifting the eyes to these mountain tops, where the northwind is busy driving the snow along, or whirling it high into the air, seen against the background of deep blue sky.

As often as we see this picture of winter without experiencing any of its discomforts, we feel like congratulating ourselves that we have passed to a safe distance beyond the bounds over which that sort of winter may not cross. If one then faces about there are the green hills which have been getting green and greener since the first rains—a scene of verdure that is in strong contrast to that opposite, and more in harmony with the ripening of the oranges and all the bloom and warmth of the valley below. The roses still bloom as in other seasons; and that there is still an abundance of flowers, and particularly of roses, was manifested by the fact of the Tournament of Roses in Pasadena on New Year's Day—a festival which many Pomona people attended and looked upon with wonder and delight. This annual festival is a source of wonder to the stranger from the East, whether seen for the first time or many, and a worthy centerpiece of that lovely city, The Crown of the Valley.

The orange crop of this season is one of the finest that ever ripened in Southern California. The oranges are without a scar or blemish, and shine like gold balls among the dark, glossy, green foliage of the orange trees. The fruit has ripened about a month earlier than last year, and is, this early, very sweet and luscious, though it is said it is not at its best until about the 1st of February. About one third of the oranges in the southern part of the state have been shipped to eastern markets already, and much of this in season for the Christmas trade of the large cities there.

Great improvements are going on in road-making in Pomona. In many parts of the town men and teams are at work hauling a kind of gravel or decomposed rock, which, when wet and trodden, hardens to become like cement, making fine roads for driving or for the heavy loads which cut the ordinary roads so badly, and are also free from dust in summer.

Many strangers are in our midst, and among them are some who have come to stay; others there are who would do so could they dispose of property in the East, satisfactorily. But the prosperity of the country which all are awaiting has not yet reached that desirable stage. The people of Southern California have, I believe, as little cause for complaint over the existing conditions, for there is here an abundance of sunshine and warmth, without great expense for fuel and clothing, and it is possible to raise from the soil a large part of all that is needed to sustain life, and so are better enabled to keep the "wolf from the door" than in less favored places.

E. T. R

The Whole Story

Of the great sales attained and great cures accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla is quickly told, It purifies and enriches the blood, tones the stomach and gives strength and vigor. Disease cannot enter the system fortified by the rich, red blood which comes by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HOOD'S PILLS cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. All druggists. 25c.

The subject of the discourse at the M. E. church next Sunday morning will be, "The Love of Christ."

The Bethel News

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Bethel, Maine, Feb. 3, 1897.

AN UNJUST CRITICISM.

Substantiated by None Who Have the Progress of Our Common Schools at Heart.

This morning our attention was called to an article which appeared in our neighboring paper, The Norway Advertiser, recently, concerning State Superintendent Stetson and his annual report, recently issued. Had this criticism been made by one interested in education, and who was dissatisfied with the work which is being accomplished through Mr. Stetson's energies, owing perhaps, to any inability on his part to do the work, it would seem to have more weight; but reference to one of the first statements made, that the writer never met Mr. Stetson, and knew nothing of his work, leads us to question the motive which actuated the writing of this article.

Such an attack made by one who acknowledges that he has no acquaintance with Mr. Stetson, neither any knowledge of his work, is unjust, not only to Mr. Stetson, but to those who have placed him in the official position which he now occupies; and we feel that, if a knowledge of the good work in the line of common schools which has been carried on by Mr. Stetson for years before he was appointed to his present position, had been possessed by the critic, these adverse criticisms would not have been made.

The charge is made that the report contains "needless bulk;" that a book of 150 pages would be large enough to contain all its facts. If there were nothing but facts, this might be true; but it contains something besides facts. No one who has carefully read this report, who has any knowledge of the condition of our common schools, and who has the success of these schools at heart, can make this charge. For to those who are directly interested in our schools, whether they be teacher, superintendent or parent, this book is of positive value, and should occupy a place second to none in the line of helps devoted to school work. Pres. Wm. DeWitt Hyde of Bowdoin college, in his recent address before the Maine Pedagogical Society, said concerning the report in question: "The State Superintendent has done an audacious thing. He has had the courage to tell the plain and awful truth about these schools of ours; not only has he whispered it in the ears of a few friends, but he has published it from the house-top; yes, what is worse, he has put it in print, and scattered it to the ends of the earth. Now, in all this I believe that he has done wisely. It is of no use to hush up a bad state of affairs. As some one else has said in justification of pessimism, 'In a world where everything is bad it is good to know the worst.' We know the worst about our common schools at last; not verbal description merely, but in the unimpeachable veracity of cold figures, furnished by the officers of these schools themselves."

A. E. Winship, of Boston, one of the greatest educators in New England, in a recent lecture on "Horace Mann," said: "Next in rank to the great educational report issued by Horace Mann, in 1845, is the report of Hon. W. W. Stetson, State Superintendent of the common schools of Maine." This, truly, is high praise coming from such a source, but we find the general tendency of the friends of education is to substantiate it. We have many other similar comments upon this report made by the press, but it is not necessary to give them We admire Mr. Stetson's moral courage which was manifested in placing this report before the citizens of Maine, picturing, as it does, the actual condition of our common schools, for courage it certainly required. He doubtless was well aware that when this work should appear before the public a storm of adverse criticism, personal ridicule, and unbounded sarcasm, would be hurled at him by those whose loyalty to their state and its schools is drowned by the favoritism and personal greed which predominates within them. Personal knowledge of Mr. Stetson's brilliant career as an educator has prompted us to write this short vindication of his noble work. He is a man ever alive to all questions of educational reform, having won by his persistent effort and untiring energy along this line, an enviable position among the educators of New England.

Mr. Stetson has a high ideal of what our common schools should be, but show us an educator who will say it is *too* high—there are none. Many are there, on the contrary, who will say these ideals are the heights to which we must ascend, ere we shall have made the advancement in our system of common schools which is being made along all other lines; and we believe that this *unfortunate report* will do more towards bringing our schools up to the standard to which the friends of education desire to see them brought, than anything else which has been put before the public for years.

We congratulate Mr. Stetson on the way in which he has entered upon the arduous duties devolving upon him, and bid him God speed in the noble work of reform which he has begun.

Candlemas Day yesterday, and those who believe in the old adages in regard to the weather, felt pleased at the veil of gray that hid the blue in the morning, but looked sober when during the forenoon the sun dispelled the gloom, and shone brightly and clearly; for according to the old saying,

If Candlemas Day be clear and bright,
Winter will have another flight;
But if Candlemas Day bring clouds and rain,
Winter has gone, and will not come again.

And,

As far as the sun shines into the barn on Candlemas Day,
Just so far will the snow blow in May.

And provident ones should remember that,

Half your wood and half your hay
You still should have on Candlemas Day.

BETHEL LOCALS.

Silence, the child of the winter,
Wanders the meadows among;
Frost in her footsteps has fallen,
Hushed are the voices of song.

S N. Buck is out of town.

The political pot has frozen over.

The price of eggs is rapidly falling.

Sleighing parties are right in style.

1897 is well started on her journey.

Ice cutters have got their work about done.

A. E. Herrick was in Portland last Saturday.

Mrs. W. F. Lovejoy came home from Warren last Saturday.

It has been nearly a year since there was a fire in this village.

The Ladies' Club will meet with Mrs. Newton Richardson, Thursday afternoon, at 2.30 o'clock.

Mrs. C. O. Foster is at South Paris to-day, attending the meeting of Oxford County District Lodge, I. O. G. T.

E. B. Shaw, who moved to Auburn some time ago, is in Bethel this week assisting the selectmen on the town reports.

Dr. Tuell brought a bunch of fresh violets into the NEWS office yesterday. Violets, with the thermometer registering 20 below zero.

Miss Fannie Mason, Miss Agnes Kimball, Miss Deering and Miss Twombly entertained the Ladies' Whist Club at the Elms parlors, Saturday afternoon. A very pleasant time was enjoyed by all.

Mr. H. C. Barker, the proprietor of the little hotel on High St., reports that from Feb. 2, 1896, to Feb. 2, 1897, he gave food and shelter to 172 Weary Willies. This is a great increase over any previous year, and the end is not yet.

The sincere sympathy of the whole community is with Mr. and Mrs. George King, over whose home so deep a shadow is resting. Five of their six little children have been dangerously ill, and one, five-year-old little Katie, a bright and lovable child, has been taken into the tender care of Him who, while on earth, blessed the little ones. Hard as is the parting with these pure little souls, there is comfort in the knowledge that they will never experience the bitterness and sorrow of life.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.

The other little ones are improving, and we hope they will soon be restored to health.

MOTHERS' DAY IN OUR SCHOOLS.

Those friends who braved the storm of last Thursday and Friday to visit the village school felt well repaid. On Thursday morning Miss Gibson gave us an exhibition of what the "little tots" in the first and second grades can do. The motion songs, number work and reading show careful training. In the afternoon Miss Shaw's pupils, after some excellent recitations in geography, gave us an excellent program from Whittier.

The true spirit of patriotism was manifested on Friday morning in Miss Kimball's room, which was prettily decorated with flags and pictures. "Our own Washington" was the theme, and the songs and speeches were finely rendered, especially the poem, Barbara Frietchie, by the school. In the afternoon, we were much gratified to hear, from Miss Twombly's pupils, several fine original papers on temperance work and workers. A good sketch of Gen. Neal Dow, also one of John B. Gough, with temperance songs and speeches, completed a very interesting programme, and we can assure our W. C. T. U. workers that the children are well in itructed in this line. Special mention should be made of the drill in mental arithmetic, geography and history, in both upper and primary grades. We may well feel proud of our village schools.

NEW MEXICO LETTER.

Mesilla Park, Jan. 1897.

Dear Friend:-

Yes, I have actually been to a bull fight in old Mexico! Are you good people of Bethel shocked beyond expression? Well, it is bad enough, but not quite so barbarous as I expected to find it. Even though you are shocked, I know you will all be anxious to read about it. I intended to spend part of my Christmas vacation in El Paso, so as soon as convenient after school closed a party of two young ladies and myself started out to see the sights; one of the first things we resolved to do, was to attend a bull fight, which came off on the day of our arrival. With our party increased to seven, we proceeded to take the funny little mule car and cross over from El Paso into Juarez, Mexico. On our way to the fight, we again visited the old church, erected in 1549, and I took several views of it, both of the carving and the tower where the bells hang.

We then walked up through the markets where the men and women sit by the roadside selling pottery, fruits, nuts, chili and the like; it reminded me of one of the cities of the East, Jerusalem and the like, just as I have seen them in pictures of them. From the markets we passed to the gambling tables; most of them are out of doors, and the place was crowded.

One gentleman in our party exchanged an American penny for two Mexican ones, and we went from table to table trying his luck; he lost and won, but at the last throw he had fourteen pennies, which he divided among us as keepsakes. In one room I saw thousands of dollars piled up; it was quite interesting to me.

We next proceeded to the bull-ring. It is arranged like an ampitheater; the seats in tiers and the ring below us. There is no covering, except over the upper tier of seats. The judges are arranged on one side with the band directly below them; just opposite a company of Mexican soldiers were seated.

Although bull fighting is the national game of Mexico, Pres. Diaz has forbidden it, and everytime there is a fight, a fine of $100 is paid. I thought quite likely there would be but few people present, but I was greatly mistaken; there were a great many Americans there, as well as Mexicans. The ladies were dressed in evening costumes, white silks and the like.

The ring is about fifty yards in diameter, I should say. There were two big doors, one through which the men and horses enter, the other through which the animals come. Around the ring are five safeties, I call them, they are fences about six feet high and the length of the boards. They are so close to the wall that the bull cannot get behind them, but the bandevilleros often run behind them, when too closely pursued by the angry animal. After waiting some time the music struck up, the great door in front of us opened, and five bandevilleros and two men on horseback entered the ring. They all advanced in front of the judges and saluted, turned and crossed the ring and saluted the soldiers. The bandevilleros were dressed, one in a dark red suit, embroidered in silver, one in scarlet embroidered in gold, one light green and silver, and two in black and gold; they wore their hair in a queue made into a little pug on the back of their head, and all wore little black caps. They looked very picturesque, just as I expected from what I had read.

After saluting the men stepped to our side of the ring, where each was handed a big bright colored cape, and then took their places around the ring. A crash of music, the other door is thrown open, the bull enters with tissue paper streamers decorating his back. He stands for a moment and looks around the ring in rather a surprised way, walks to the center of the ring and stands still. The bandevilleros advance, throw their cloaks in front of the animal, and as he advances, spring lightly aside; it is gracefully done, oftentimes the animal rushes after the man, and he seeks shelter behind the safeties.

The object is to get the animal infuriated, and they generally succeed. The horses rush toward the animal; the men on horseback have poles with long barbs to ward the bull off with. The horses have a breast protection of leather. To me this is the cruel part of the whole. The horses are broken down and are often gored so that they die in the ring. I am thankful to say, it did not happen on this day. Soon the horses leave the ring, and the exciting part begins. One of the bandevilleros select the pair of bandevillas and as the bull comes toward him with head lowered, he springs toward the animal and places one in each side of the neck of the animal, where the sword is to enter. They generally put four, often six of these bandevillas in an animal.

Then the one chosen as the matadore steps forward, is passed a bright red cloak and a sword. The music gives the signal, the rest of his comrades are trying to keep the animal furious, and he helps them by flaunting this bright red cape before the animal; as the bull comes towards him with head lowered, he springs and puts the sword down through his neck to the heart. It is done so quickly, one can hardly see when; often the animal makes but one more lunge and falls dead. This one staggered across the ring and fell. They rope the carcass and drag it off, and are ready for another contest.

I noticed this, they never make a move toward the animal unless he is moving toward them. The second animal that came in would not fight and, trying for a little while to get him mad, they drove him out of the ring. The third one was too good a fighter, and they resolved to keep him for another time. I now saw a fine exhibition of roping. After the removal of this animal, we saw rather a humorous spectacle, a man dressed in a bear skin came into the ring, he clasped his arms around the bull's neck with his body between the horns. The animal tried to throw him. He ran round and round the ring, but the man's grip was like iron; at last they roped the animal, the man loosed his grip and that was over.

It was a lively time when the fifth bull entered the ring. He threw one of the bandevilleros twice, but the man started up each time and tried to kill the animal. He did it with out consent of the judges and at the close of the fight they were going to arrest him, but the audience begged them not to. When he failed in his attempt to kill the bull, the audience hissed him. When one was successful they cheered and cheered. It was growing late and we did not wait to see the fifth bull killed, which was down soon after we left, also the sixth one. The first matadore was the one in dark red, the one who killed the fifth and sixth bulls was the one in light red.

I went home well satisfied with my bull fight, which they tell me was the best one that has occurred in Juarez for years. I don't think I shall ever care to attend another one, but I am certainly not sorry I attended this one. I have a bandevilla as a souvenir of the occasion, which I think will be quite a curiosity to Bethel people.

Adios for the present,

Ellen F. Gibson.

GOULD'S ACADEMY.

Two new classes were formed at the beginning of the second half of the term, Astronomy and Botany, the latter having just completed Physical Geography.

The stormy weather has interfered, to some extent, with school; notably Thursday, when there was but one session.

All are interested in the new school paper, The Academy Herald, which is to appear this week, the printing being done at the News Office. Send your friends a copy.

The Philomel Society has its rehearsal each Friday P. M. at the close of school. This society affords not only a pleasant diversion for the young ladies, but will prove to be a valuable training for them in music. Miss Purington is leader.

The speakers for Friday P. M. are Guy Davis, Sadie Mason, Ethel Richardson, Sarah Farwell, Alice Perkins, Florence Carter, Cora Farwell, Harry Farwell, Ethel Morse, Sara Chapman.

The class in English has completed Hyde's Grammar, and begun the study of Butler's English. The opening chapters of the book give the student a good idea of what a composite language English is, and how a knowledge of French or Latin, however slight, is an aid to the better understanding of our own language.

The members of the Botany class are about to place in one of the sunny windows of the large recitation room, a large "window box" filled with earth, to "grow", from the seed, some plants for study. Perhaps no other study, so much as Botany, teaches close observation. Keeping one's eyes open is one of the great secrets in every phase of life; and that is what Botany teaches.

A meeting of the Little Androscoggin Sunday School Association will be held at the Baptist church in Norway, Thursday of next week.

AN IRISHMAN

said he had to lay awake all night in order to wake up in the morning. If you buy one of KING'S ALARM CLOCKS you can sleep peacefully until the time it is set to go off and then you are sure to wake up. Such a noise that it is impossible to sleep.

They are one of the best and most accurate Alarm Clocks on the market and are fully warranted for one year.

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THE JEWELER,
BETHEL, ME.

Children's Column.

Conducted by Lena B. Ellingwood.

We are pleased to receive contributions of all sorts, letters, stories, poems, etc., for this department, and all communications should be addressed to Mrs. A. D. Ellingwood, Bethel, Me.

GHILDREN'S LETTERS.

Gilead, Me., Dec. 17, 1896.

Dear Mr. Editor:-

I have seen a number of little letters in the BETHEL NEWS, and thought I would write one and tell you about an excursion I went on, with my aunts last fall. The train started from Gorham at half past ten. We went through Crawford Notch and saw grand views of the White Mountains. The foliage was beautiful. We went past many of the fine summer hotels. I will name some of them; Fabyan House, Mount Pleasant House, Crawford House, Twin Mountain Hotel and many others. In one place the mountain was so high on one side of the cars that you could not see the top, and on the other side you could look away down in the valley and the trees did not look any larger than stocks of golden-rod. You could see the Willey House in the distance, and the road going past it looked like a little path. We went over the Frankenstein Trestle, and in one place where the railroad goes around a curve, I looked out of the window and could see the two engines and the rear of the cars at the same time.

I saw many other things, but cannot write about them. We got back in the evening, somewhat tired, but with lots of pleasant things to remember.

Edith C. Farwell.
(11 years old last October.)

Boston, Mass.

To the NEWS:-

My auntie sends us the NEWS every week and we always read the children's letters. So I thought I would write a few lines, hoping that you would print them.

I have six little cousins in Bethel and an aunt Fannie and an uncle Louis. I went to Bethel when I was not quite five years old with my aunt Nellie and uncle Quin, and I remember how nice the little beds were on the Portland boat and the long ride on the railroad. I had a nice time with my cousins, playing and tumbling in the hay.

Mama says she hopes it will not be long before I will meet my cousins again, as I have not seen the last two, Eddie and Clarence. I have two sisters, Pearl and Edna, and two brothers, Louis and Edward.

I am in the fourth class in the grammar school. Edna is eight years old, and is in the sixth class, grammar. Pearl is twelve and is in the first class, grammar. Louis is fourteen and attends the Latin school. Edward being but five years old, does not attend school. I am but ten years old, and my name is,

Alice Marie Dougher.

Word Hunt.

How many words can you make out of the words, "Children's Column"? Try it and see. The child under fourteen years of age who sends us the largest list on or before the first of March, '97, will be given a pretty present. What the present is, will be announced later, perhaps next week. The words must all be English words. Misspelled words of course will not count. No letter can be used twice which does not occur twice in "Children's Column." We depend on the honor of our boys and girls to have no help from older people in finding the words. We have had word hunts free for everyone, but this is solely for the children, and it would be unfair for older ones to help in making out the lists.

The only condition we make is that a nice little letter for the Children's Column shall accompany every list of words.

Now put on your "thinking-caps" and see who can make the largest list of words from two cs, h, i, two ls, d, r, e, two ns, s, o, u and m, the letters contained in "Children's Column."

THE CONTEST CLOSED.

MISS LILIAN KIMBALL SECURES THE DICTIONARY.

5,485 Votes Take the Prize.

The NEWS' contest closed at five o'clock Monday afternoon. Hundreds of votes poured into the office during the day, and as the hour for closing drew near it was evident that the friends of the two leaders in the contest were anxious to do all they could to succeed.

A counting of the vote revealed the fact that Miss Lillian Kimball had secured the prize, she having 5,485 votes, with Miss Alice Purington close behind with 4,880. Miss Ethel Hammond came third with 947 votes, and Mr. J. S. Hutchins next with 800. Miss Sadie Abbott and Miss Maud Bartlett each had about 600 votes.

The friends of Miss Kimball had worked hard to secure for her the elegant dictionary, and were much pleased with the result.

The praying Band holds meetings at the M. E. church every Sunday morning at ten o'clock and at Newry Corner church every Sunday afternoon.

LETTER FROM ST. LOUIS

ST. LOUIS, MO., Jan. 28, 1897.

The BETHEL NEWS:

Each week I scan your columns, eager for evidence of the prosperity of your pleasant village, and especially for items relating to those whose names are familiar and whose welfare is dear to me.

The national election being a past event, the result of which has demonstrated the good sense of the American people, the citizens of St. Louis are endeavoring to settle down to practical business methods, inspired to do so by a renewed confidence in the future of the country in which we live. That future will be largely influenced by your state, whose senators and representatives have exercised a far greater power for good in the national councils during the past twenty years, than those of any other state.

Now that we are having a taste of weather in Missouri, worthy to recall the memory of Maine winters, the mind is naturally in sympathy with friends in that state, where, though the outer person may sometimes be chilled by cold winds and frosty air, we feel sure there will remain a genial warmth about the heart. It being now quite cool in St. Louis (but little above zero), Young America congratulates itself upon the opportunity for skating, the coal-dealer smiles, and the ice man is preparing to harvest his crop which a few days of the present temperature will surely ripen. Our winter has been unusually warm until the present week. Only once or twice has snow fallen, and then scarcely enough to enable the boys to indulge in snowballing. The boys of St. Louis have much in common with the boys of Bethel, and make the most of the chances for this sport, sometimes to the discomfort of others.

We passed through a beautiful autumn season of Indian summer weather, which in the prairie country of the West is the loveliest of all seasons. The mild and gentle air, and charming, dreamy influences lull the mind to calm and pleasant rest suggestive of an ideal life in other, more peaceful spheres. This is often prolonged till late in December, and when it has passed we indulge in no fears of the rigors of a New England winter, even the present cold being exceptional. Notwithstanding many advantages of soil and climate which this section possesses over New England, your correspondent, on a recent visit to Maine, was fully confirmed in the opinion that the farmer boys of that state should remain on eastern farms. The time has passed when young men of small capital could purchase, in the Mississippi valley or any part of the West, good lands at a nominal price and become independent through the rise in its value. Greeley's advice, "Go west and grow up with the country," has been followed until the better parts of the West are largely occupied. Good land, purchased now, must be paid for at full valuation. The amount requisite to secure a good farm in a desirable location west of the Allegany mountains, would enable a young man to own one of the best Maine farms. There he has the advantage of his native climate, a healthy location, good school and church privileges—not better, perhaps, than may be found in the older settled portions of the West, but certainly superior to those in more recently occupied localities. The numerous manufacturing towns and villages furnish a home market for the products of the Maine farm at better prices than are realized by the western farmer, who is compelled to send his crops to commission men in large cities, where they are disposed of in open market amid great competition; and when freights, commissions, etc. are deducted, the returns to the farmers are small.

Enterprise, application and energy have a large field for their application, and will reap their reward wherever they are displayed. They are indispensible to success in the West as well as in the East.

A. P. O.

Not long ago a farmer who lives three miles from here, came to my store before breakfast and bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He said their little boy had a bad cold, and as they had used what they had in the house his wife would not let him go to plow until he came and got another bottle. The little boy, who was with him, remarked: "Now I will soon be well, for Chamberlain's "toff" medicine always cures me." R. C. McElroy, Black Hawk, Pa. In speaking of this remedy Mr. McElroy said people came from far and wide to his store to get it, and many of them would not know what to do without it. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by G. R. Wiley, Bethel, and G. O. Jones, Bryant's Pond.

Eighty New Subscribers.

Since our last issue we have received at the NEWS office about eighty new subscribers to the NEWS. We are working for the 1898 mark, and if indications mean anything we shall get there. 'Tis easy to move with the tide; subscribe now and be one of the 1898.

New Dress Goods

: : : : FOR : : : :

Spring & Summer.

Have just received our Elegant Line of Dress Goods Suitable for Spring and Summer wear. Very handsome goods and low prices.

Special Bargains In Abundance.

10-4 GRAY BLANKETS, at 45c. pair.
11-4 GRAY BLANKETS, at 55c. pair.
CLOAKS & CAPES at HALF PRICE.
BOY'S BICYCLE HOSE, regular price 25c., now 19c.

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Gloves, Etc.

Cole Bl'k, Bethel

A Mistake!

You will certainly make a mistake it you buy another HORSE BLANKET or Sleigh Robe without first coming to my shop and getting my prices.

I have a full line of

LESURE'S HORSE REMEDIES

which are everywhere acknowledged the best in the market.

Don't fail to try my

Gall Cure. . . .

You can work the horse and cure the sore at the same time. Sample Free.

YOUNG'S HARNESS STORE, Bethel.

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Cloth Covered and Polished, at low prices for first quality of goods; also Metallic Caskets in adult sizes. Embalming done and Embalming Fluid for sale.

N. B.—A good Hearse will be furnished, and funerals attended at short notice

We carry a good assortment of . . .

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In all the various kinds, which will be sold at satisfactory prices. Also *Carpeting and Curtain Fixtures, Baby Carriages, Children's Wagons and Carts, Spring Beds and Mattresses.*

Pictures Framed to order at short notice and Glass furnished for pictures.

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And Mirror Plates for Old Frames.

Furniture of all kinds promptly repaired. Perforated Chair Seats for old frames.

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We secure the best patents for our clients, and the object of this offer is to encourage inventors to keep track of their bright ideas. At the same time we wish to impress upon the public the fact that

IT'S THE SIMPLE, TRIVIAL INVENTIONS THAT YIELD FORTUNES,

such as the "car-window," which can be easily slid up and down without breaking the passenger's back, "sauce-pan," "collar-button," "nut-lock," "bottle-stopper," and a thousand other little things that most any one can find a way of improving; and these simple inventions are the ones that bring largest returns to the author. Try to think of something to invent.

IT IS NOT SO HARD AS IT SEEMS.

Patents taken out through us receive special notice in the "National Recorder," published at Washington, D. C., which is the best newspaper published in America in the interests of inventors. We furnish a year's subscription to this journal, free of cost, to all our clients. We also advertise, free of cost, the invention each month which wins our $150 prize, and hundreds of thousands of copies of the "National Recorder," containing a sketch of the winner, and a description of his invention, will be scattered throughout the United States among capitalists and manufacturers, thus bringing to their attention the merits of the invention.

All communications regarded strictly confidential. Address

JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO.,
Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents,
618 F Street, N. W.,
Box 385, Washington, D. C.

☞ *Reference—editor of this paper. Write for our 50-page pamphlet, FREE.*

Probate Notices.

To all persons interested in either of the estates hereinafter named:

At a Probate Court, held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven. The following matter having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the BETHEL NEWS, a newspaper published at Bethel in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of February, A. D. 1897, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Charles W. Farwell, late of Bethel, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof filed by Harriette F. Farwell, the executrix therein named.

A true copy—attest:

Seward S. Stearns, Judge of said Court.
3w35 Albert D. Park, Register.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and new list of one thousand inventions wanted.

C. L. DAVIS,
General Trucking and Dealer in
COAL, ICE, &c.
Trucking of every kind promptly attended to. Orders to be left at house.
C. L. DAVIS,
MAIN STREET, - - BETHEL, MAINE

TAUGHT TO DO BY DOING
GRAY'S PORTLAND BUSINESS COLLEGE
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OFFICE PRACTICE FROM THE START.
Dry Theory Discarded. Send for Free Catalogue.
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BUSINESS *Education.*
Actual business by mail and common carrier at
The Shaw BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND College
PORTLAND and Augusta, Me.
F. L. SHAW, PRINCIPAL. - PORTLAND.

A. S. Kimball.
M. L. Kimball.
KIMBALL & SON,
Attorneys at Law,
NORWAY, - - MAINE.
All business will receive prompt and careful attention.

Lovejoy House,
W. F. Lovejoy & Son, Pro'ps,
BETHEL HILL, - - - MAINE.
This popular house has been repaired since last season, the stable and outer buildings have been moved to the rear of the house, thus leaving the view of the Mountains unobstructed. Parties wanting a quiet summer home will find this one of the most desirable places in the Mountain region.

E. E. WHITNEY & Co.,
BETHEL, ME.
Marble & Granite Workers.
Chaste Designs,
First-Class workmanship.
Letters of inquiry promptly answered. See our work.
Get our prices.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
E. E. WHITNEY & CO.

WE CARRY
A Full Line Of
Flour,
Groceries,
Grain,
Feed,
Etc.
Our Stock is always Fresh and up to date. If you want fair treatment, call on us for your supplies.
WOODBURY & PURINGTON,
Near R. R. Station.

YOU CAN NOT
do better than to buy your
GROCERIES,
FRUIT,
CONFECTIONERY,
CANNED GOODS,
TOBACCO, CIGARS, ETC.
Of R. E. L. Farwell,
72 MAIN ST., BETHEL, MAINE.
Best Prices Paid for Eggs in Exchange for Goods.

LIFE, FIRE & ACCIDENT
Insurance
placed in reliable companies.
Rates as low as can be made anywhere by
Safe and Square Dealing Companies.
ALL LOSSES
Promptly Settled!
Call on or address,
S. N. BUCK,
CROSS BLOCK.
BETHEL, MAINE

AGENTS WANTED!
We want a number of Good Agents to sell the
LINCOLN FOUNTAIN PEN.
It is one of the best pens on the market and sells at a low price.
For terms etc., address,
33tf NEWS PUB. CO., Bethel, Me.

The County News.

SHORT PARAGRAPHS Collected by our Local Correspondents, for the BETHEL NEWS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS,

You are earnestly requested to send us the news from your locality every week. If you get out of stationery drop us a line.

In every town where we have not already got a correspondent we would like to make arrangements with some person to furnish us with items. Write us.

GREENWOOD.

The snow has come and business is rushing.

Walter I. Emmons has gone in the woods cutting cord wood.

Wm. Woodis has gone to Roxbury to work for J. W. Dresser.

J. R. Foster, who has been laid up all winter, is so as to be out.

G. C. Cole has three teams hauling his birch, and they are getting it out pretty fast.

Mr. I. M. Foster, who was hurt in the woods, has recovered so as to attend to his team.

The whistles of the steam mills are heard now every day, which make a pleasant sound.

Herbert Emmons has found work in the bicycle factory. Werley Ring is expecting a job there soon.

J. C. F. Roberts has six of the finest shoats in town. He feeds them on butter-milk from the butter factory, with plenty of meal mixed in.

GREENWOOD CENTER.

To-day they are busily engaged breaking out the roads.

Plenty of snow, wind and cold weather during the past week.

P. W. Swan fell on the ice last Monday evening, resulting in a sprained wrist.

But very little material will come to the mill this winter to be sawed into long or short lumber.

The boys, and some of the girls too, have hung up their skates until some future time, not yet specified.

Meetings are held in the chapel every Sunday afternoon and Wednesday evening. Preaching occasionally on the Sabbath. All invited.

NORTH NORWAY.

Mrs. C. G. French is on the sick list.

Ira Putnam is at work for Walter Buck.

Asa Needham's children have the chicken-pox.

Harrison Noble is boarding at H. B. Macalaster's.

Mr. and Mrs. Amaziah Keene from Poland are at Rollin Towne's.

Aldro French, from Bowdoin College, is at home for a short visit.

John Needham who has been quite sick with ulcerated sore throat, is gaining.

Our mail carrier left here Thursday noon, but was obliged to stay over night as drifts were eight feet deep; he arrived here Friday noon. What a beautiful (?) climate this is for civilized people to inhabit!

GRAFTON.

Florence Farrar has gone to Deering.

Mrs. Akers from Andover is visiting at J. W. Reed's.

Carrie Brooks spent a week with relatives in Berlin, N. H., recently.

Mrs. Delphina Whitman is staying with her daughter Mrs. Farrar, this winter.

Blanche Pratt has returned home from North Waterford, where she has been attending the High School.

WILSON'S MILLS.

J. W. Carter starts on his annual begging trip Jan. 25th.

Plenty of snow now, and the lumbermen are quite happy.

Dan Heywood passed through town recently on his way to Bethel.

F. A. Flint has finished logging and will now do the Parmacheene Club's freighting.

Uncle Jimmie is on the war path again, looking after violaters of the fish and game laws.

Joe Gogang broke his horse's neck last week by driving it over a landing of logs on the Abbott brook.

Mrs. R. A. Storey has so far recovered from her illness, as to be able to ride out in pleasant weather.

Mrs. J. E. Haley stopped at J. W. Clark's while her husband was away to New York to meet the directors of the Parmacheene Club.

Muscular Rheumatism Promptly Relieved.

Mr. J. K. Holton, a well known fur dealer of Oxford, Pa., says he sometimes suffers with muscular rheumatism, and while having one of the most painful attacks, he called at W. T. J. Brown's drug store, and Mr. Brown advised him to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm, he did so, and it gave him immediate relief. Pain Balm is also recommended for rheumatism by Mr. E. W. Wheeler of Luthers Mills, Pa. who has used it and found it to be an excellent remedy. If troubled with rheumatism give it a trial. It is certain to relieve the pain as soon as applied, and its continued use will effect a cure. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by G. R. Wiley, Bethel, and G. O. Jones, Bryant's Pond.

MASON.

A. L. Tyler is working for E. H. Morrill.

Geo. Bennett is working for O. G. Mason.

C. F. Brown is drawing birch to West Bethel.

Dana Morrill is drawing logs to West Bethel.

F. I. Bean is drawing poplar from his back lot.

D. E. Mills is drawing poplar to West Bethel.

A. J. Hutchinson is cutting birch on O. G. Mason's back lot.

Some of the farmers went to Norway for meal and paid 58¢ per bag.

Prescott Bennett is working for E. H. Morrill.

Mrs. Daniel E. Mills is quite sick at this writing.

E. H. Morrill has bought a set of sleds of D. E. Mills.

Irving Hutchinson is drawing cord wood to West Bethel.

E. M. Wormell of Bethel was in town Tuesday on business.

Roy A. Grover has finished work at Bethel and returned home.

FRYEBURG HARBOR.

Miss Eunice Maxwell is away visiting relatives.

There were two funerals in Stowe last week, Friday, 22nd.

The Methodist circle met at the church last Wednesday eve.

Mrs. Thompson and daughter Mamie went to Bridgton one day last week.

Mrs. Seth Hunchcom was buried last week Friday. She leaves a husband and other relatives to mourn her loss.

Mr. Calvin Stiles of South Chatham committed suicide by shooting himself, a few days ago. Insanity is supposed to be the cause. He leaves a wife and little baby.

Mr. Lawn Seavey had the misfortune to have his store burned last Wednesday night, about twelve o'clock. The fire, it is supposed, caught from the stove. All the goods were burned. It was insured for $1,300.

Mr. Langdon Kilgore died at his home in Stowe the 20th and was buried on Friday the 22nd. Mr. Kilgore was a soldier, and belonged to Grover Post, G. A. R. He leaves a wife, two sons and a number of daughters, beside other relatives to mourn his loss.

Owing to bad weather, scholars that lived at a distance from school were obliged to stay at home Thursday and Friday. The Fish street school was obliged to move to one of the neighbors one day this week, on account of cold weather.

GILEAD.

Samuel Fogg has returned from Bear River.

Mr. J. W. Bennett has a secretary and type writer now.

Mrs. Lola Lary returned from a trip to New York, a few days ago.

Mrs. B. M. Prescott passed away on the 30th, after a brief illness. She survived her husband, the late B. M. Prescott, only about three months. Mrs. Prescott has been in poor health for a number of years. She will be sadly missed. They leave no children.

Mrs. Persis Swan and Mrs. Alice Prescott, from South Paris, came and helped care for the comfort of Mrs. Prescott in her last sickness, "Pert", as she is known here, lived for several years with her, having lost her own mother, Mrs. Prescott was like an own mother to her.

Mr. Bennett seems to meet with poor success in the moving of his buildings. First, the river was not safe; then he had a horse killed; big snows followed; and lastly, water 12 or 15 inches in depth, overflowed the ice at the point where the buildings come onto the river in Shelburne.

MILAN N. H.

Mrs. York of Groveton is visiting friends in town.

Lewis Hutchinson and wife of Berlin, were in town over Sunday.

Lois Twitchell has returned to Berlin, where she is attending school.

The chief amusement of the young people for the past few days has been coasting.

Six young people went from here to West Milan last Sunday night to attend church.

Maude Twitchell has gone to Lewiston to work for Mrs. George Blanchard for a while.

The officers of the Androscoggin Grange for the coming year are as follows:

Master, F. H. Sweetser.
Overseer, T. P. Dustin.
Chaplain, Mrs. L. Coffin.
Lecturer, Clara Rich.
Sec., Bertha Taylor.
Fin. Sec., Mrs. P. Goud.
Treas., Mrs. O. P. Robbins.
Steward, John Conners.
Asst. Steward, E. Goud.
L. Asst. Steward, Mable Goud.
Ceres, Mrs. Gertie Gates.
Flora, Celia Rich.
Pomona, Lottie Fish.
Gate Keeper, Archie Blake.

ENVELOPES A full package of 25 of our best envelopes for only 5 cents. We have 15 or 20 varieties and you can have your choice for a nickle. News Pub. Co.

CURED AT 73 YEARS.

Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure Victorious.

No other medicine can show such a record. Here is a veritable patriarch, 73 years of age, with strong prejudice to overcome, who had *Heart Disease 15 years.* He took the New Heart Cure and is now sound and well.

SAMUEL O. STONE.

Grass Lake, Mich., Dec. 28, 1894.

I have been troubled with heart disease 15 years or more. Most of the time I was so bad it was not safe for me to go out alone, as dizzy spells would cause falling. I had severe palpitation, shortness of breath and sudden pains that rendered me helpless. All physicians did for me was to advise keeping quiet. In August last I commenced taking

Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure,

and before I had finished the first bottle, I found the medicine was a God-send. I have now used four bottles in all and am feeling entirely well. I am 73 years of age and have held a grudge against patent medicines all my life, but I will not allow this to prevent giving my testimony to the great cure your valuable remedy has wrought in me. I do this to show my appreciation of Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure. SAMUEL O. STONE.

Dr. Miles Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at $1, 6 bottles for $5, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure Restores Health.

NORTH BRIDGTON.

Richard Larmuie is at work for Austin Brigham.

The teamsters have a broad smile now that snow has come.

Several of the young people of this place attend dancing school at Harrison.

Mrs. Wallace Sanborn is at work for Mr. Mayberry, whose wife is very sick.

Bert Foster has finished work for J. W. Witham. Harry Kimball will fill his place.

Luke and F. H. Brown have ceased work in their furniture shop, for an indefinite period.

Nearly all the people of this vicinity have finished getting their ice. It is an excellent quality.

Ed. and Arthur Mayberry have returned home from West Bethel, where they have been at work for John A. Whiting.

George W. Martin, late teamster for Luke and F. H. Brown has moved to Harrison, where he is at work for Sumner Davis.

L. J. Mayberry, William Foster and Will Glines have returned home from Lewiston, where they have been at work carpentering.

James McAloney, Samuel Libby and Ed. Cobb have hired one of Luke and F. H. Brown's furniture shops and will commence making lawn settees at once.

The King's Daughters gave an entertainment and mum baked bean supper at the vestry, Wednesday evening, Jan. 27, which was well attended by the students and citizens.

Rev. A. G. Fitz gave a very interesting talk on the work being done by the missionaries in the Hawaiian Islands, Sunday evening, Jan. 31. He also gave several magic lantern views of places in that vicinity.

BRIDGTON ACADEMY.

J. Carrol Mead gave a very interestesting lecture on ornithology, before the students of the Academy, Wednesday evening, Jan. 20. It was a surprise to all to see how little they knew about their native birds.

The Seniors gave an entertainment and sociable, Tuesday evening Jan. 19. The following programme was given:

Vocal duet, Misses Hubbard and Skillings.
Reading, Miss Fannie Hamlin.
Solo, Miss Carrie E. Hubbard.
Reading, Miss Annie R. Weston.
School Journal, Misses Pitts and Ricker.

After the entertainment a sociable was given, in which the usual games were played. It was a very enjoyable occasion.

GROVER HILL.

Plenty of snow and poor roads.

Harry Lyons has killed several foxes this winter.

F. J. Tyler called on friends in this vicinity, Sunday.

S. A. Lyons has harvested his ice, as also has A. B. Grover.

W. M. Brown recently sold his oxen and has bought a pair of twin steers.

A. J. Peaslee recently slaughtered a cow, also sold one to Eli Stearns.

Clyde Whitman and Earle Bartlett have each a pretty pair of yearling steers.

S. J. Walker has built a camp in the woods where he and two other men are at work.

Miss Maude Ava Bartlett is at present the guest of her sister, Mrs. Grace L. Tyler.

Marion Bennett and her friend Mrs. A. L. Whitman, called at Walter Brown's, Sunday.

Peter Wheeler and family started for church last Sunday, but were obliged to retrace their steps owing to the condition of the road.

25 Envelopes for Five cents.

We are selling a good quality Envelope, any style or size at the NEWS office for only 5 cents per bunch. 75 cents for 500.

A Pleasant Occasion.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 27, Mrs. Han B. Godwin gave a few of her friends a novel, but very pleasant entertainment. When the guests were all assembled they were each given an envelope and a piece of paper, upon which was written a part of a quotation, and told that the remaining pieces would be found scattered about upon the mantels, furniture, etc. As soon as a quotation was completed it was to be put in the envelope.

For the next half hour the room presented a cheerful and lively scene, as each vied with the other to secure the largest number of quotations. When there was no more to be found, the hostess collected the envelopes and examined their contents, and Mr. Don Smith was made the pleased possessor of a prettily bound copy of The House of Seven Gables for first prize, Mr. Rob Enman receiving a China tooth-pick holder for a booby prize.

Mrs. Godwin then distributed tally cards and informed her friends that in an adjoining room they would find fifteen bundles placed on a table, numbered respectively from one to fifteen. The only means they were to use in ascertaining their contents was by the sense of feeling. The guesses were to be written on the tally cards. We were soon busily engaged with the bundles, which Mrs. Godwin had shown much ingenuity in preparing. Although the articles were things that we see every day, yet there were some random shots, but on the whole the Yankee genius for guessing was well displayed. When we were all satisfied that we had done our best, the cards were carefully examined and as a result Mr. Bert Brown was presented with a nice gold pen and pearl stock for first prize, Mr. Frank Arsnault receiving the booby prize.

Refreshments were then served. We can all testify that the hostess has well learned the art of pleasing the palate. After we had partaken freely of the good things placed before us and the dishes had been taken away, card tables were brought in and each little group selected its favorite game, and the remainder of the evening passed all too quickly. As the guests said good night, they all felt that it had been one of the most delightful evenings of the season.

Mrs. Godwin is surely a perfect hostess; she has that rare and happy faculty of putting every one at once at their ease. Among the guests present were Mr. and Mrs. James Baker, Miss May Baker, Miss Carrie Hastings, Mr. Bert Brown, Miss Ethel Hastings, Miss Bessie Searle, Mr. Frank Arsnault, Miss Plena Smith, Miss Edna Bailey, Mr. Rob Enman, Mr. Don Smith and Will Williamson.

Sunday River

Rob. Foster went to Grafton last Thursday.

Jack Dawney is sawing spruce for J. S. Brown.

H. M. Kendall has gone to Swift river with his team to land birch.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Leavitt and Miss Ethel Bennett have returned to Magalloway.

Mrs. David Fleet went to Grafton last week to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tyler.

Gorham, N.H.

Mr. Dollier of Farmington was in town Monday.

Elmer Abbott and A. I. Lawrence of Berlin, were in town over Sunday.

N. A. Neals is taking Mr. Lowe's place in the freight house during Mr. Lowe's illness.

Simon Stahl arrived home Feb. 2, from a two weeks' stay in Blanchard and Twitchell's camps.

Alonzo Barrett and Joseph Fairbanks started last Thursday for a trip to New York and Washington.

The friends of General Charles Hamlin of Bangor are laboring for his appointment as assistant secretary of the war department. There could be no mistake in making this appointment. Mr. Hamlin is of the type of his venerable father, who filled the second highest office in the gift of the American people, during the dark days of rebellion, with justice to himself and honor to his country.

Libel Against the Oxford County Advertiser.

Norway, Feb. 1. County Attorney Eugene F. Smith has brought a libel suit against the Oxford County Advertiser, claiming twenty-five hundred dollars damages from a communication reflecting on the manner he presented evidence in one case on the grand jury.

Ivers & Pond Pianos.

THE two characteristic features that have given the **Ivers & Pond Piano** its enviable position in the piano world are the beauty of its tone and its remarkable durability. Tone quality, the adaptability to express musical thought, is the distinguishing feature between the artistic and the commercial piano. The richness, the purity, the infinite shades of expression in the **Ivers & Pond** tone attract and fascinate musicians the world over. Combine with this the absolute evenness of scale, crisp, responsive action and simple elegance of design and finish, and the reasons for the popularity of the **Ivers & Pond Piano** are as plain as day.

W. J. WHEELER,
SO. PARIS, - - - ME.

NEW DRESS GOODS
THE LATEST NOVELTIES AT POPULAR PRICES.
Blankets, Hosiery, Underwear, Small wares and Domestics at prices that we know are right.
COME IN AND LOOK OVER OUR STOCK.
G. P. BEAN,
Cor. Church & Main Sts.,
BETHEL, - MAINE.

MY STOCK
is now complete in all lines.
Clothing, Ulsters & Fur Coats, Hats, Fur or Scotch caps for men and boys.
Men's outside Shirts & Flannels from the cheapest to the best Camel's Hair.
The best Stock of Men's, Women's and Children's BOOTS, SHOES, and RUBBERS to be found in town.
75 doz. Handkerchiefs from 2 cts to 50 cts. each.
Ladies' Fur Muffs and Tippets. Hosiery and Gloves.
Ladies' and Gent's Mackintoshes, Trunks, Bags and Valises.
Flour and Groceries at the lowest prices.
Bed Blankets from 50 cents each to $5.00 per pair.
Ladies' Jackets and Capes to be closed out cheap.
GEYLON ROWE,
Bethel, Maine.

UNITED STATES BRANCH.
NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE Insurance Company
Of London and Edinburgh, Great Britian.
INCORPORATED 1809.
Commenced Business in U. S. in 1866.

Manager U. S. Branch	H. E. Bowers
Deputy Manager U. S. branch	West Pollock
Assistant Manager U. S. branch	W. T. Howe
Gen'l Agent U. S. branch	W. R. Ecker

STATEMENT JANUARY 1st, 1897.
ASSETS DEC. 31st, 1896.

Stock and Bonds owned by the company, market value	$3,340,169.00
Cash in the Company's principal office and in bank	275,155.51
Interest due and accrued	55,546.00
Premiums in due course of collection	392,070.18
Other admitted assets	4,420 33
Aggregate of all the admitted assets of the company at their actual value	4,067,361 02

LIABILITIES DEC. 31st, 1896.

Net amount of unpaid losses and claims	207,236.09
Amount required to safely reinsure all outstanding risks	1,881,226.12
All other demands against the company viz: commissions, etc	85,980 19
Total amount of liabilities, except capital stock and net surplus	2,174,442 40
Surplus beyond capital	1,892,918.62
Aggregate amount of liabilities including net surplus	4,067,361 02

W. J. WHEELER, Agent,
3w36 South Paris, Me.

LANCASHIRE INSURANCE CO., of Manchester, Eng,
INCORPORATED IN 1852.
Commenced Business in 1852.
ASSETS DEC. 31st, 1896.

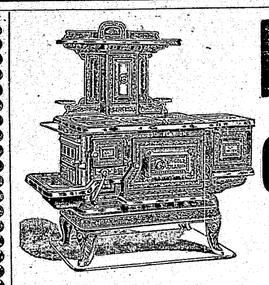
Real Estate owned by the company, unincumbered	$ 385,685.72
Stocks and bonds owned by the company, market value	1,538,292.50
Cash in the Company's principal office and in bank	114,865.88
Premiums in due course of collection	269,507.43
Aggregate of all the admitted assets of the company at their actual value	2,308,351.53

LIABILITIES DEC. 31st, 1896.

Net amount of unpaid losses and claims	137,257.69
Amount required to safely reinsure all outstanding risks	1,299,138.64
All other demands against the company, viz: commissions, etc	45 000.00
Total amount of liabilities, except capital stock and net surplus	1,531,396.33
Surplus beyond capital	776,955.20
Aggregate amount of liabilities including net surplus	2,308,351.53

W. J. WHEELER, Agent,
3w36 South Paris, Me.

Headache and *Neuralgia* cured by Dr. MILES' PAIN PILLS. "One cent a dose."



Full Stock of Stoves. See
Our line of Fancy Glassware, Crockery, etc. Parlor lamps, Cups and Saucers, Pretty Dishes, etc., are our specialties.
HASTINGS' BRO'S.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING
Can be obtained in but few places,
THE NEAREST YOU
can come to this in Oxford County is at the ware room of the BETHEL CHAIR CO. where you can purchase fine
OAK CHAMBERSUITS
FORMERLY SOLD FOR 40 TO $50
FOR $20. AND $25.
We handle all our goods from first hands directly from Factory
We also keep in stock AT BOTTOM PRICES
Spruce Boards, Joists, Lathes, Shingles, both Spruce and Canadian Cedar.
BETHEL CHAIR CO.,
Bethel, - - - - Maine

We Have Many
bargains to call your attention to. We have a number of odd coats and vests, sacks and frocks. They are what is left of suits that we have sold from $7.50 to $12.50. They are all small sizes—33, 34. 35. Most of them are all wool. We now offer you your choice for **$1.50.** We have one pile of suits. sizes 33 to 37, mostly odd ones, that we will sell for **$3** a suit. Not a suit but what is worth $5 and from that to $10. All our Overcoats and Ulsters at greatly reduced prices..
The way to sell goods is to make the prices irresistible. We don't carry goods over to the next season. If you need anything in wearing apparel you can save dollars by buying now.
☞ *Money Back if not Suited.*
H. B. FOSTER,
NORWAY, - MAINE.
Opera House Block.

My Stock Consists Of
Spruce Dimensions, Lathes, Clapboards, Shingles, Bass, Whitewood, No. Carolina, Norway, Spruce Western and Sap Pine Sheathing.
Doors and Door Frames,
Outside and Inside Thresholds, Windows, Window Frames, Stool Caps, Band Casings, Sur base, Weights and Cord.
Cedar Sash and Frames, Blinds and Blind Trimmings. Screen Doors, Whitewood Mantle Shelves, Hood Brackets, Framing Pins, &c. Window Screens made to or er. Piazza Posts (Whitewood and Pine), Turned and Sawed Balustrade Newel Posts, Stair Rail and Balusters. Yellow Birch, Rock Maple, So. Rift Pine and Spruce Flooring, Western Pine, Cypress, Sycamore, Mahogany, Quartered Oak, Whitewood, Gum, Black Walnut, Oregon Cedar, Cherry, California Redwood and Native woods in stock.
H. L. HORNE,
TELEPHONE CONNECTION, Norway, Me

WE HAVE NO AGENTS.

but have sold direct to the consumer for 23 years, at wholesale prices, saving them the dealers' profits. Ship anywhere for examination before sale. Everything warranted. 100 styles of Carriages, 90 styles of Harness, 41 styles Riding Saddles. Top Buggies as low as $35. Phaetons as low as $55. Spring Wagons $31 to $50. Send for large catalogue
No. 16½—Surrey Harness, Price $14.50. As good as sells for $20.

No. 723—Price, with lamps, sunshade, apron and fenders, $60.00. As good as sells for $90.
ELKHART CARRIAGE & HARNESS MFG. CO., W. B. Pratt, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND.

Oswald & Armstrong

Agents for Butterick Patterns.

LEWISTON, — — MAINE.

Stock Taking
comes within a few days, previous to which we shall offer the following values of exceptionally rare merit in order to make our stock small as possible When ordering by mail mention this paper. Mail orders amounting to the sum of $10 or over (with the exception of sheeting) sent by express, prepaid to any address.

Men's Fancy Suspenders,
Old price 25c. pr., now 2 pair for .25

Seal Plush Collarettes,
fur trimmed, lined with fancy silk, old price $5.00, now..... $3.00

Figured Black Dress Skirts
lined throughout. A $4.00 skirt for..... $2.75

Wool Challies,
30 in. wide, worth 25c. yd., now .09

32 in. Figured Cotton Pongees
were 17c. yd.....now 7 1-2c

LADIES' WHITE ALL LINEN HDK'F
were 20c. each.....now .10

LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS
were $1, 1.25, & 1.50,..... now 50c

48 IN. BLACK ALL WOOL SERGES
were 60c. yd.....now 48c

42 IN. GERMAN NOVELTY DRESS GOODS were 45c, yd., ...now 25c

LADIES' BLACK WOOL HOSE 12 1-2

LADIES' FIGURED BLACK BRILLIANTINES, were 59c. yd. now 39c

SEE FANCY SILKS FOR WAISTS .....at 59c., 69c., 79c., 89c. & $1.00

SEE LADIES' NIGHT ROBES at 75c., $1.00, 1.25, from 50c. to 75c. cheaper than usual.

DON'T MISS SEEING
——INTRODUCTORY SALE——
prices on new Laces, Allovers, Hamburgs, Insertions, Chiffons, and Flouncings—likewise new dress trimmings, all the latest novelties.

CLOAKS & GARMENTS
VIRTUALLY AT YOUR OWN PRICES.

3 Great bargain tables in the department—
TABLE 1. Choice fancy garments, $2.50
TABLE 2, " " " $5.00
TABLE 3. " " " $7.50

☞Samples sent to any address.

OSWALD & ARMSTRONG,
LEWISTON. ME.

CARPETS CAN BE BOUGHT BY MAIL.

We sell a great many Carpets by Sending Samples to Select from. You may want to buy one that way.

ALL WOOL CARPETS.
Per yard, 45c., 55c. & 60c.

UNION CARPETS, part wool.
Per yard, 39c., 40c. & 45c.

TAPESTRY CARPETS.
Per yard, 55c., 65c. & 75c.

STRAW MATTINGS.
Per Yard 15c., 20c. & 25c.

OIL CLOTHS.
Per yard 18c., 25c., 30c. & 40c.

We make a specialty of Carpets, Rugs and Draperies. MAIL ORDERS receive prompt attention.

THE ATKINSON FURNISHING CO.
LEWISTON, ME.

☞*We Pay the Freight.*

Big Cotton Presses.

Of the many cotton presses which were in operation in New Orleans 60 years ago the two principal ones were the Levee cotton press and the Orleans cotton press. They were large and massive buildings, each occupying, like most of the others, a square of ground. The Levee cotton press was built in 1832 by a company bearing the same name at a cost of $500,000 and was two stories high. It compressed some 200,000 bales of cotton a year. The Orleans press, also fronting on the river, occupied an area of 632 feet by 308, the buildings nearly covering the whole space. This press, which was begun in 1833 and completed in 1835, cost over $753,000, compressed about 150,000 bales per annum and could store 55,000 bales of cotton. Its immense length gave it a very imposing appearance from the river.—New Orleans Picayune.

Ink on Tickers.

In every stock and news ticker is a little steel type wheel, from which the imprints are made. It is a costly piece of work, and when the ticker was first introduced the company controlling them was embarrassed to find that the ink used had such a corrosive effect that after a few days' use the wheel was worthless. By way of experiment one of the steel heels was placed in a bath of ink. In 24 hours it had disappeared entirely. An operator who has since become a reporter set to work and patented an ink which is now used in all tickers. By its use the life of a type wheel is prolonged to nine years. The ink is absolutely noncorrosive.—New York Mail and Express.

Government Marriage Dower.

Providing marriage portions for poor young girls is the object of a government fund in Italy. Without a dower it would be almost impossible for a girl to be married, and this form of charity is said to be highly appreciated. The annual sum available for this purpose and distributed every year among the marriageable young girls is £500,000. To be a recipient it is necessary for the applicant to prove her good reputation and character by several witnesses, to show that she has no means available and that the young man who wishes to marry her has a trade.

Paying Inventions.

The idea of copper toed shoes was patented Jan. 5, 1858, by a Maine genius, who made $100,000 out of it. Another similar invention, which made a great deal of money, was the metal button fastener for shoes, invented and introduced by Heaton of Providence. At the time it was considered a fine invention, for the old sewed button was continually coming off. It has gradually grown in popularity since its introduction in 1869, until now very few shoes with buttons on are manufactured without the Heaton improvements and appliances.

Venezuela Coffee.

The coffee crop of Venezuela amounts to $15,000,000 a year in value. The average crop is 60,000 tons of coffee. Two-thirds of this product is exported, mostly to England. Maracaibo is one of the centers of trade. Maracaibo coffee is known everywhere.

The tuberose is considered by young ladies of France symbolic of dangerous pleasures. In England and America it is in common use as a funeral plant, and it is considered symbolic of death.

The crown of Chosroes, the king of Persia, was hidden in an Arabian fortress and remained concealed for nearly 1,000 years.

GUV'NOR'S DAY.

'Twuz gov'nor's day at the county fair.
No an my gal jes' come f'um there,
An we heard the speech 'at the gov'nor made,
How he tol' the farmers about their trade,
Rickommended wheat sown in July
To cheat the chinch bug an Hessian fly.
He used to plant corn already popped,
An it kep' a-growin an never stopped
Till jes' afore Chris'mus an hung on the trees
In little lace bags as nice as you please.
Said small watermillons wuz better'n big,
'Cause then they wouldn't break the supportin twig.
Skimmilk cheese wuz his favorite kind.
Fer rich food he allus wuz inclined.
So he liked his cheese 'ith the skimmin's in.
An, my, jes' didn't them farmers grin
To hear him talk 'bout watorin stock
By h'istin 'em down 'ith a rope an block
To the water below of the bank wuz high,
'Cause exercise made the cows run dry!
An he said hay wouldn't get sour an black
Ef you put some ice in the midst of the stack
To keep it f'um heatin. An how the boys
Would 'preciate better a farmer's joys
Ef he run the grin'stone 'ith a bicycle rig
An fitted the plow 'ith the seat of a gig.
An our wives would bloom like a Sharon rose
Ef we chartered a Chinee to wash the clothes
So't they could rest an paint chiney jugs
'Tth cranes an dragons an flies an bugs.
B'gosht a'mighty, wut doesn't he know?
'Twould puzzle an almanac to show.
Oh, he's a wiso'n, the gov'nor is,
To tell the people about their biz.
But it'll be a cooky next county fair
That p'tic'lar gov'nor he won't be there.
—J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bee."

WOMEN OF ARMENIA.

English Customs Are Slowly Reaching Them—The Mother's Rule.

The Armenian girl is little troubled with education, beyond household duties, spinning and needlework—and at this last accomplishment she is always an expert, especially at embroidery—unless, indeed, she attends one of the excellent Armenian mission schools carried on in many towns, where she will learn English, French and possibly her own language, for Armenians not infrequently adopt the vernacular of the country wherein they live. She will also acquire a thirst for fiction, English and French. The Armenian girl is deeply sentimental and likes to read of love, and marriage is, of course, the ultima Thule of her ideas. This little matter is generally arranged by her mother, and nowhere are women of more importance or hold more weight in the family councils. The mother is at the head of the patriarchal establishment, in which her sons, their wives and often her nephews and nieces dwell. She rules her sons and sons' wives, the latter, perhaps, with a somewhat severe hand, especially during the first year of their married lives, when, except to attend church, they may not go out, though, when the daughters-in-law in their turn become mothers greater liberty is permitted them.

In more advanced portions of the community a girl's choice is practically unrestricted, and it is well that it is so, for the Armenian church strenuously opposes divorce, and the marriage bond is only soluble by death. Not infrequently the girl's choice falls upon an Englishman or other European, and many merchants and telegraph officials in Persia and Turkey find them excellent wives.

The Armenian national costume consists of a voluminous skirt of heavy brocaded material, a tight sleeved bodice of the same stuff, much embroidered about the front, with handsome filigree silver belts marking the waist. The head coverings are fichus of fringed embroidered silk, and a multitude of chains and coins hang round their necks. In winter the embroidered bodice is exchanged for a wadded one, and huge felt shoes are worn over the ordinary boots to keep out the biting cold. Though the Armenian women do not wear veils to conceal their features as a point of religion, they not infrequently do cover their faces with gauze or a corner of a shawl.

Some of the younger women, however, have discarded their native costume for that of London three years ago, and they are evidently not quite at ease in their newly acquired corsets. They copy the fashion plates in English papers and produce wonderful combinations of pink, blue and violet, which are further adorned with quantities of brilliant jewelry. They are full of curiosity regarding the life of civilized nations, particularly in the matter of marriage, and never miss an opportunity of obtaining information on the subject.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Literary Shark.

It is said that a shark was caught recently by the sailors of the ship Somali, the vessel at the time being off the cape of Good Hope. On the creature being opened a complete copy of a London newspaper was discovered in its body.—Boston Globe.

Ate the Church.

Bishop Williams of Marquette was recently invited to serve his alma mater, Cornell university, as university preacher. He did so, coming straight from the synod of the Canadian church at Winnipeg and bringing this story with him: "There was a missionary bishop there," said Bishop Williams, "who had been six weeks in coming, most of the way by canoe. He rose and began by saying that he would speak for himself and for a brother bishop who, unfortunately, could not be present. He was sorry to say that his brother's diocese had gone to the dogs. A general gloom followed these words. He went on to say that the bishop had found so many inquirers after religion among the Eskimo north of Hudson bay that he had to build a church. As there was no wood he used whale's ribs for rafters, covering them with tanned walrus hide and so made a church to hold 80 persons. 'All went merry as a marriage bell' for a time until—the dogs grew famished and ate the church."—Troy Times.

State News.

Mr. W. H. Gannett, the great Augusta publisher, is sick from over work.

The funeral of the late Gen. H. G. Thomas took place from his late residence in Portland last Friday.

O. W. Morrill, attorney for Murray in the Cold Storage Provision Co.'s burglary case has filed a motion for a new trial.

Chas. G. Mason of Norway, is as busy a man in secret society affairs as one often sees. Last week he attended six meetings, two in one evening.

A meeting of several Maine lumbermen was held at the State House, last week, to see if a bill could be presented to the legislature for uniformity in scaling lumber.

The Bridgton Academy natural history room has recently received gifts from Herbert L. Spinney of Popham Beach, Ed G. Tarr, W. H. Allen and J. C. Mead of North Bridgton.

Last Wednesday 32,421 barrels of apples were shipped from Portland for ports in Europe, and Thursday 32,500 more, and still there are enough left to supply the 525 towns and plantations of Maine.

Friday afternoon, as the young son of Chas. Clark of Portland was playing about the kitchen, his clothes caught fire, and he was so terribly burned about the neck and arms, that he died at eight o'clock in the evening.

The first Sister of the Catholic schools in Lewiston to die was buried last Monday. She labored to the very last, as on the day of her death, she arose as usual, heard her classes and spent the few remaining hours in devotion. Her death is greatly mourned by the Sisters.

Dr. Osgood N. Bradbury of Norway died Friday noon of heart disease. His age was 69. The funeral on Sunday was attended by a large concourse, many of whom could not gain admittance. The services were conducted by Rev. B. S. Rideout of the Congregational church. The doctor will be much missed as he was a public spirited citizen, who took pride in the growth and prosperity of his native town. He has been a member of both House and Senate in the State Legislature.

THE TOWNS AROUND.

BERLIN, N. H.

Plenty of snow.

A camera club is talked.

W. E. Robinson of Newport has been in town.

W. W. Darrah of Manchester was in town Friday.

W. J. Burden, of the Tel. and Tel. Co., is in town this week.

Sowing the Wind in Clement Opera House, Feb. 13.

O. Sullivan's Business College has opened with a good attendance.

Greenlaw, Page and Doe Co. and Fred Bell are "cutting lots of ice" this week.

Harry Waterhouse is up from Portland in the interests of the Portland Co.

W. L. Woodman is up from Manchester on the insurance business this week.

Quite a crowd attended the dedication of the K. of P. hall at North Stratford last week.

Miss Hattie Hicks of Jefferson is visiting friends and relatives in town the past week.

Sowing the Wind is one of Frowman's strongest plays. In Clement Opera House, Feb. 13. Don't miss it.

What does "Sowing the Wind" mean? It means that it is one of Frowman's best plays. Clement Opera House, Feb. 13.

Shall we be a city in a few weeks? If so, we shall have to go to the country to spend our summers then. Gorham, for instance.

Tom Reed's Argument Against Hanging.

"Did you ever hear Tom Reed's argument against capital punishment?" asked an attorney. "It was over in Topsham, during Tom's undergraduate experience at Bowdoin. A deacon had argued that 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' The Mosaic law didn't hit young Mr. Reed, so he jumped up and drawled: 'Supposing, sir, we take the law which the gentleman has quoted and see where the logical deduction would bring us out. For instance, one man kills another, and another man jumps in and kills the man who killed the first, and so on until we come to the last man on earth? Who is going to kill him? He can't commit suicide. It is contrary to law, for the same law forbids it. Now, deacon, what's the last man going to do? Must he wait until he is struck by lightning?" "The logic was unfair, but it won the debate."—Lewiston Journal.

A Chamberlain Story.

The remarkable youthfulness of Mr. Chamberlain's appearance has given rise to many stories. Here is one of them: In the days when he was a member of Mr. Gladstone's administration the distinguished statesman had occasion to cross the Irish sea on a day when the boat was overcrowded and there were no berths for all. He was attended by a private secretary with a beard. The private secretary picked acquaintance with a Scotchman, and the Scotchman made a suggestion for the distribution of the party on the principle of age before honors. "You and I, mon," he said, "will occupy the berths, and the wee laddie can just lie himself down on the floor."

POETRY.

What It Is and What It Appears to Be at Varying Ages.

Ask the first half dozen people you meet "What is poetry?" and the result will be something like this: Five out of the six will look hurt at your springing such a question upon them and say lamely, "Oh, it's when the lines rhyme, you know!" and the sixth will be annoyed because, for the life of him, he can't say what it is and is afraid you'll think he doesn't know. As to the rhyming definition, beware how you accept it, innocent and simple as it looks. Applied, it will inevitably lead you to the conclusion that "Hamlet" and "Evangeline" aren't poetry, but that "Little Jack Horner" is.

The meaning of the word "poetry" varies, too, with our own age. Five-year-old thinks "Sing a Song o' Sixpence" and "Simple Simon" the greatest masterpieces of poetic thought; 15 won't look at either, but pores over the "Ingoldsby Legends," the "Ancient Mariner," and, for a change, the cheerful "Burial of Sir John Moore;" 20 dreams away Sunday afternoons over "Maud," and privately determines to be a Tennyson, too, some day, while 25 "hasn't time to read poetry."

There are two well known poems that always seem to me deserving of our greatest pity—"The Village Blacksmith" and "Casabianca." We give them all the little disagreeable jobs to do—all the kicks fall to their share, and none of the halfpence.

If a comic paper man is hard up for a joke, he falls back upon one or other of them, while the way they are both hacked and mangled and tortured in the schoolroom alone is positively cruel, and, outside its four walls, all the reward they get is general disfavor, to say nothing of social oblivion and derision.

But long after school has been left behind the boy of the burning deck and the smith with the brawny arms turn round upon us and take their revenge for all the obloquy and hard work heaped upon them.

They haunt us and bring in their train thoughts we would rather not think. We don't so much mind the memories of dingy schoolrooms and ink and tears and smudged copies that they force upon us, or even of half holidays spent in durance vile, but it is not of these alone that they remind us. No. They hint at the sad and foolish ignoble days and the long dead loves and hopes and aspirations that have filled our lives since, and we find ourselves contrasting what we are with what we were—too often, alas, a bitter thought!

After all, the greatest and best poetry is unwritten and will ever remain so. Our sweetest love songs come rippling over the meadows with the breeze that rocks the grasses in the long, soft summer evenings; our saddest dirges moan through the woods in the dark November days, when a damp mist hangs gray and pall-like over the hills and the dead leaves rustle as though swept by the feet of a ghostly funeral train, while for thrilling dramas and great, grand epics we need but to look round us into the faces and lives of living men and women.—Exchange.

New York Public Libraries.

The facts which The Book Buyer presents relating to the circulation of books in New York city through free circulating libraries cannot be questioned. Scant as is the aggregate number of books taken, when compared with the population, it is nevertheless satisfactory to learn that there are some few free libraries which can show that, as to readers, they have more. The following is from The Book Buyer's article:

How woefully New York is behind other cities of the country in bringing books within reach of the masses is seen from a comparison of the free circulating library systems. Last year, for example, there was a circulation in New York of something over 1,000,000 volumes by libraries that received a total appropriation from the city of $65,000. In the same year the Boston Public library circulated 850,000 volumes and received $175,000 from the city, the Chicago Public library circulated 1,150,000 volumes (the passion for reading being more general even than in Boston) and received $124,000, the Cleveland Public library circulated 595,000 volumes and received $60,000, and the St. Louis Public library received the same amount for a circulation of 331,000.

An Old Dog.

It is interesting to study the eccentricities of animals. Their freaks and fancies seem to make them almost human. A dear old collie who has been indulged in all sorts of ridiculous whims has recently taken upon himself to resent the habit of his master and mistress in sitting up late. When the dog considers that it is bedtime, he becomes restless and wanders about the room, looking ruefully at the offenders as much as to say, "Aren't you ever going to take your departure up stairs?" When he becomes convinced that his mute appeals are unheeded, he walks slowly to his accustomed corner and with a deep grunt of dissatisfaction settles himself ostensibly for the night. The funniest part of this performance is that he never spends the night in that corner, but the moment the lights are out and he feels sure of not being driven down stairs where he belongs he takes up his quarters at the top of the stairs leading to his master's bedroom. This same dog has as keen an appreciation of good cake as any human epicure. The wag of his tail when pound cake is given to him and the refusal of that tail to wag when sponge cage is offered tell the story as plainly as words.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Salute Your Wife.

Men do not take off their hats to each other. They nod. Many married women complain of their husbands' incivility in neglecting to treat them with the same politeness they show to their friends. Let all married men remember that marriage does not exempt them from raising their hats both at meeting and saying goodby to their wives. This oversight has often been the cause of a spirit of rebellion in the young wife, who sees in it a reason for fancying that her husband has ceased to care for her or only regards her as a belonging to whom any of the civilities of life are unnecessary because she is his. In the same way a wife should foster all those pretty little ways of making him feel that he is still her Prince Charming. Love is so often kept alive by these outward observances that are the harbingers of refinement that it behooves all to practice them.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Grant's Crude Breakfast.

It was just before the battle of the Wilderness. The members of the headquarters mess assembled to partake of a hasty breakfast. The general made matters a singular meal preparatory to so exhausting a day as that which was to follow. He took a cucumber, sliced it, poured some vinegar over it and partook of nothing else except a cup of strong coffee. The first thing he did after rising from the table was to call for a fresh supply of cigars. His colored servant Bill brought him two dozen. After lighting one of them he filled his pockets with the rest. He then went over to the knoll and began to walk back and forth slowly upon the cleared portion of the ridge.—General Horace Porter

Scowling.

Don't scowl; it spoils faces. Before you know it, says a writer in The Standard, your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line from your cowlick to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows, and, oh, how much older you look for it! Scowling is a habit that steals upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong and when it is too weak. We tie our brows into a knot when we are thinking and knit them even more tightly when we cannot think. There is no denying there are plenty of things to scowl about.

An Elk Horn Fence.

At Mammoth Hot Springs, in Yellowstone Park, there is a fence made of elk horns. It incloses the greater part of the grounds of Photographer F. Jay Haynes' studio. The fence is composed of over 300 selected elk horns. All of them have 12 points, and a great many have the royal 14 points. They were shed in March, 1895, and were gathered in June of the same year by Mr. Haynes and three of his men within a radius of ten miles of Mammoth Hot Springs and within four days' time. There are about 2,500 elk in the park now. Each pair of horns would bring $7.50 at the railroad at Cinnabar, about eight miles, or at least $10 a pair in the east or south.—Kansas City Star.

He Put Out the Light.

Many stories have been told about the mistakes made by greenhorn telegraphers, but one of the worst we ever heard was that made by a young man who had received his diploma at a telegraph college. He passed an examination and was assigned a position, and the very first night caused a bad wreck. He received orders to put out his red light and give orders to conductor of No. 77 to meet No. 62 at M——, and he obeyed this important message by blowing out the light and letting No. 77 go by unsignaled, and then he wondered why the conductor did not stop to get his orders.—Pittsburg Post.

Young, but Thoughtful.

The new woman begins her career at an early age. A child of 4 was spreading butter on a cracker on the luncheon cloth when her grandfather—at whose table she was—remonstrated with her, telling her that was not the proper place to do it. She never lifted her eyes, but went calmly on with the operation, and when it was finished and she took up the cracker to eat she said quietly to nobody in particular, "Men don't always know what's best."—New York Times.

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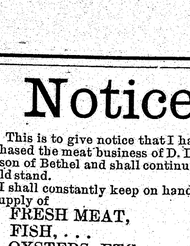

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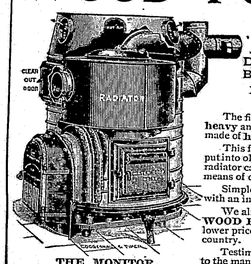

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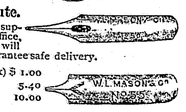

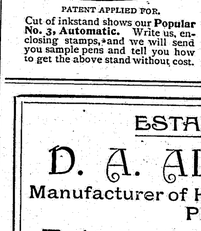

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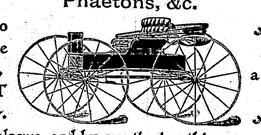

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